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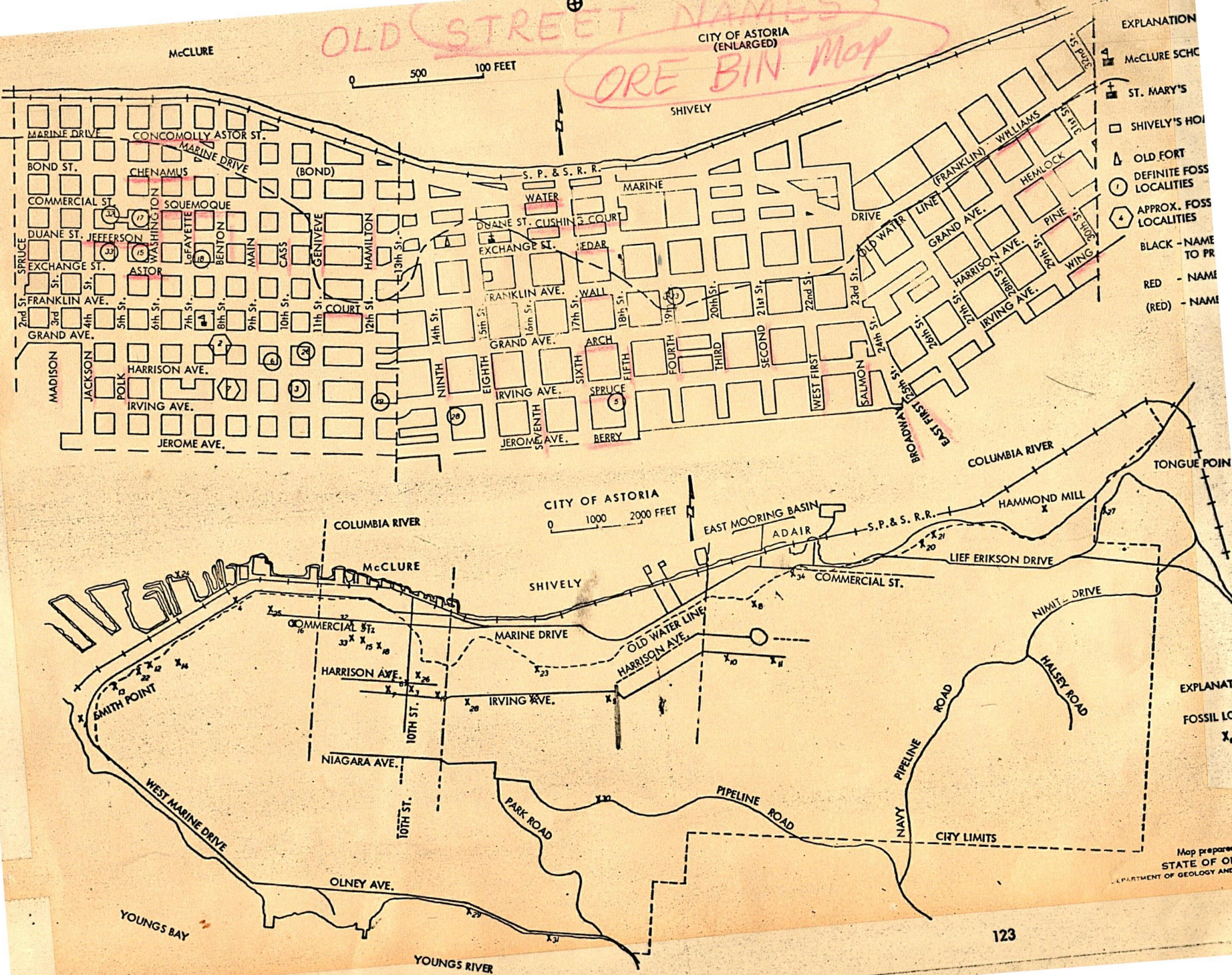
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CITY OF ASTORIA, OREGON
Incorporated October 20, 1876

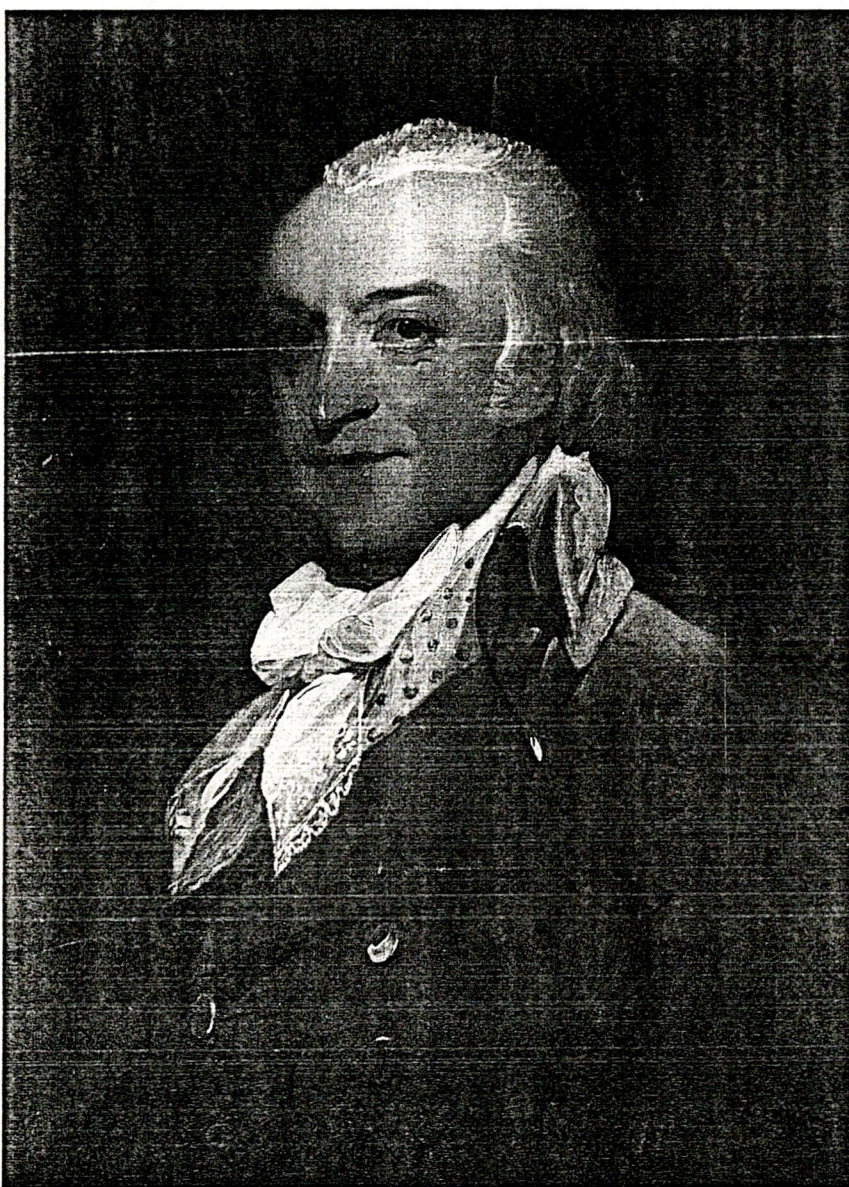
MAYORS OF ASTORIA, OREGON:

TERM

1.	William F. Kippen	August 1873	August 1874
2.	R. R. Spedden	August 1874	August 1875
3.	I. W. Case	August 1875	August 1876
4.	D. C. Ireland	August 1876	January 1878
5.	W. W. Parker	January 1878	January 1880
6.	D. C. Ireland	January 1880	January 1882
7.	John Hahn	January 1882	January 1884
8.	J. W. Hume	January 1884	January 1886
9.	J. C. Trullinger	January 1886	January 1888
10.	C. H. Page	January 1888	January 1890
11.	Magnus C. Crosby	January 1890	November 1891
12.	Samuel Elmore	November 1891	December 1891
13.	Magnus C. Crosby	December 1891	January 1894
14.	Alfred Kinney	January 1894	January 1896
15.	F. J. Taylor	January 1896	January 1898
16.	Isaac Bergman	January 1898	January 1902
17.	J. W. Suprenant	January 1902	January 1906
18.	Herman Wise	January 1906	January 1908
19.	A. M. Smith	January 1909	January 1911
20.	H. L. Henderson	January 1911	January 1913
21.	Edward W. Gray	January 1913	January 1915
22.	Fred J. Johnson	January 1915	January 1917
23.	F. C. Harley	January 1917	January 1919
24.	James Bremner	January 1919	January 1923
25.	O. B. Setters (First Mayor under new City Manager form of government)	January 1923	January 1927
26.	J. C. TenBrook	January 1927	January 1939
27.	W. C. Logan	January 1939	July 1942
28.	Anton Sorenson (Mayor Pro-Tem)	July 1942	January 1943
29.	Orval Eaton	January 1943	January 1951
30.	Peter G. Cosovich	January 1951	December 1958
31.	Harry M. Steinbock	January 1959	December 1974
32.	Robert Chopping	January 1975	December 1982
33.	Edith Henningsgaard (Resigned to marry Joe Miller.)	January 1983	December 1990
34.	Willis Van Dusen	January 1991	

Parsimonious all his life, John Jacob Astor left virtually nothing to charity when he died. Our attitudes toward philanthropy have never been the same since.

"Poor Jacob!"



John Jacob Astor, in a portrait he didn't like
The wealthiest man in America did not believe in philanthropy.

By Peter Baida

ON MAR. 29, 1848, Philip Hone, a former mayor of New York City, made an entry in his diary: "John Jacob Astor died this morning at 8 o'clock, in the 85th year of his age. . . . Bowed down with bodily infirmity for a long time, he has gone at last, and left reluctantly his unbounded wealth."

Astor's death provoked a lively discussion of the meaning of his life. The discussion, still with us today, revealed a growing belief among Americans that those who had grown rich from the country should return some of the wealth in the form of public works. After Astor, America's emerging wealthy were forced at least to consider public giving in their wills.

To understand the fuss that followed his death, we need to know that Astor's life was a classic tale in America's rags-to-riches tradition. Born in Waldorf, Germany in 1763, the son of a man whom an early biographer described as "a jovial, good-for-nothing butcher," Astor arrived in the U.S. in 1784, after working three years for an uncle in London in a firm of musical instrument makers. His formal education was limited to the three Rs. His fortune, at 20, consisted of \$25 in cash and seven flutes.

By 1786, with the help of his wife's dowry, Astor had opened a small shop in New York City and begun trading in furs. In 1789 he made the first of many purchases in the real estate of his adopted city: two lots on the Bowery Lane in Manhattan for \$625.

The 1790s brought new opportunities for Astor. The Jay Treaty of 1795 opened much of the continental interior to American fur traders, and by 1800 Astor had become America's leading fur merchant, worth a quarter of a million dollars.

Astor, however, kept his overhead low, continuing to live like a poor shopkeeper so that he could plow his mounting profits into Manhattan land, and more land. On a trip to London in 1799, for example, Astor took a berth in steerage, exactly as he had done 15 years earlier, when he owned nothing but his flutes and the clothes on his back.

"Poor Jacob!" exclaims Arthur D. Howden Smith in a sympathetic biography. "Parsimoniousness turned into acquisitiveness, and acquisitiveness developed a passion for hoarding, and hoarding, once it was a confirmed habit, created the churlish penuriousness of the miser. Money! Everything was money."

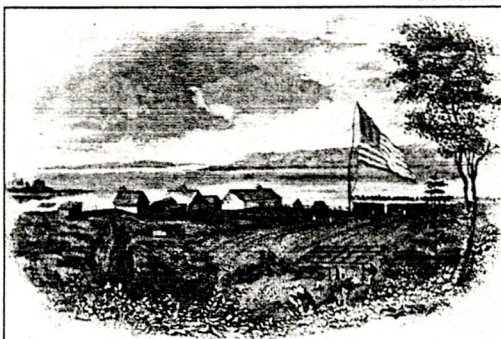
A chance meeting on this trip to

London with a governor of the British East India Co. drew Astor to overseas trade, selling American furs for Chinese tea. Never a man to share profits, by 1803 he was building his own ships, and before long he had, as he liked to say, "a million dollars afloat."

Astor then determined to dominate the trans-Mississippi fur trade. By 1811 he had founded Astoria, Ore., as a trading outpost. And in 1816, partly in response to Astor's lobbying, Congress passed an act that forbade noncitizens from participating in the fur trade as proprietors. This act left Astor's great rival, the Northwest Co. of Canada, with little choice but to sell to Astor all of its posts below the Great Lakes.

Again Astor lobbied Congress, this time to abolish the trading posts that the government itself had operated since 1796. When Congress complied in the winter of 1821-22, the stage was set for one of the most uneven battles in the history of U.S. business—the fight between Astor's giant American Fur Co. and scores of small independent trading firms and individual trappers.

Yet in 1834, with the battle hardly more than ended, Astor sold out and retired. Partly, the sale was out of weariness—he was, after all, past 70. Partly, too, it was based on Astor's accurate intuition that the glory days of the fur trade had passed (high hats were being made of silk now, not beaver), and partly out of grief at the



Astoria, Oregon

His outpost in an uneven battle.

death of his wife.

By this time Astor had become not only the wealthiest man in America but also "the landlord of New York." In all, he had invested approximately \$2 million in New York City real estate, the foundation of a family fortune estimated at nearly half a billion dollars in the hands of his many great-grandchildren in 1929.

In his prime, Astor seems to have cared little for the public's opinion of him. But in his retirement years he began to worry about the judgment of posterity, and courted those who might help. He hired Washington Irving to write a history of his achievements. Irving was given a suite of rooms in Astor's country mansion, and in due course a satisfactory volume appeared. Rhapsodized Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: "The remarkable form of John Jacob Astor stands out like a statue of granite, a sublime enterprise."

But aspects of his lifelong parsimoniousness remained. Aside from his son William, the main companions of Astor's retirement were a poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and a man of letters, Joseph Cogswell. On one occasion, legend has it, Astor and Cogswell stopped at a hotel on the Hudson for tea. Pointing to the proprietor, Astor said, "That man will never succeed." "Why not?" Cogswell asked. "Don't you see," Astor replied, "what large lumps of sugar he puts in the sugar bowl?"

Another time, as they walked toward a boat that Astor had chartered for a sail, Cogswell speculated that every minute that they kept the boat waiting cost Astor 25 cents. At this, it is said, the richest man in America "broke into a worried trot."

On Astor's death, the American media were deeply divided over what his example meant to the emerging nation. The New York *True Sun* gushed that "there are few men whose biography would prove more instructive or acceptable to the present age." Horace Greeley's New York *Tribune* was more circumspect. Praising Astor's "farseeing sagacity" and "vigorous intellect," it decried "a melancholy, insane perversion of a human life to make it mainly subservient to the acquirement of such a fortune."

James Gordon Bennett's New York *Herald* complained: "If Mr. Astor was industrious in the accumulation of riches, he was likewise very penurious and niggardly in money matters. . . . He was a willing purchaser of mortgages from their needy holders at less than their face; and when they became due he foreclosed them, and purchased the mortgaged property at . . . ruinous prices."

The Boston *Traveller* spoke for many when it noted that Astor had toiled to heap up a "vast pile of wealth—not a farthing of which he can take with him whither he has been called from his sordid labor."

The publication of Astor's will a week after his death fueled the controversy. Yielding to the entreaties of Joseph Cogswell, Astor had left \$400,000 to establish a public library in New York City (thus planting the seed of one of the



Downtown Manhattan, 1848

"I would buy every foot of land on the Island of Manhattan."

world's great libraries). But that was the end of Astor's interest in philanthropy. The bulk of his vast fortune, amounting to some \$25 million, the rough equivalent of \$330 million in today's dollars, was left to his eldest mentally competent son, William Backhouse Astor, with smaller legacies for his mentally ill son and other close relations. The only legacy outside Astor's family, besides his gift for the library, was an annuity of \$200 to his employee of 16 years, Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Contrast Astor's behavior, as did the media of the time, to the generosity of Astor's predecessor as the richest man in America, the Philadelphia banker and merchant Stephen Girard. When he died in 1831, Girard left only about \$200,000 to relatives, friends and retainers, out of an estate of \$7.5 million. The rest went for various public purposes.

"If we had been an associate of John Jacob Astor," Bennett's New York *Herald* declared, "we would have counselled [him] to leave at least the half of his property for the benefit of the city of New York. . . . What a poor, mean and beggarly result!" The paper added that in leaving the bulk of his fortune to one son, Astor had sought "to get round and evade . . . the American law which prohibits primogeniture, or the concentration of the whole of a man's property upon one heir, to the exclusion of the others. . . . The great object of the will is to create an Astor dynasty . . . and to keep up this dynasty by entailing the property upon the regular successors of the individual for ages to come." (As it happened, much of the Astor fortune was dissipated by the 1930s; such is the fate of many great fortunes. But the *Herald* writer can be forgiven for not having foreseen that in 1848.)

Astor himself, one imagines, would have responded to the media barbs with a smile of wry contempt. When he remembered his first weeks in New York, hawking pastries before buildings he would one day own, he must have felt a satisfaction that bordered on ecstasy. Furs and tea, tea and furs, and land—always more land. "Could I begin my life again," he said near his end, "and had I the money to invest, I would buy every foot of land on the Island of Manhattan." But the outpouring of public indignation at his failure to put something back into the society where he had made so much guaranteed that no wealthy American could blithely ignore the claims of philanthropy. In this, too, a new age had dawned. ■

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This put a damper on the festivities, but did not quench them. The grand ball was held that night as scheduled. The dress uniforms of the officers from Vancouver made a colorful background for the gowns of Oregon Territory's society. Their brass buttons were a splendid complement to the brass band. The celebration lasted three days.

The *Lot Whitcomb* was, as we have seen, the first steamboat built on the Willamette River, but she was *not* the first built in Oregon. In the spring of 1850, James Frost and General John Adair constructed the ninety-foot *Columbia* at Astoria. She was, in Captain Ainsworth's eyes, a "small apology for a steamboat." He took passage on her from Astoria to Portland when he arrived in Oregon early in September, paying twenty dollars fare, and spent two nights aboard. The only part of her he considered safe for sleeping was next to the paddle box on the upper deck. The boat listed "several streaks" every time a passenger walked from one side to the other, and a sleeping person might easily slide off into the river.

Nevertheless the slow (four or five knots) *Columbia* was a big improvement over the sailboats, bateaux and canoes that had served the settlements before her time. She received a loud welcome when she arrived in Portland the Fourth of July on her maiden voyage. Later that evening an equally noisy greeting was repeated at Oregon City.

Captain Ainsworth soon, however, proved the *Lot Whitcomb* much the better vessel. He took her from Astoria to Oregon City in the remarkably short time of ten hours. He ran from Milwaukie to Oregon City in less than an hour. But the *Columbia* cut her rates and remained as a competitor. For a while there wasn't much business for the *Whitcomb*. If it hadn't been for towing lumber vessels up and down the *Columbia*, she wouldn't have even paid expenses.

Excursions run to islands and seldom-visited channels in the wilderness also helped buy the many cords of wood she consumed. The moon was as alluring then as it is today; young people responded with enthusiasm to the opportunities the *Whitcomb* offered for romantic night cruises.

Not long after the *Lot Whitcomb* went into service she ran aground on a reef at the mouth of the Clackamas River. Some historians have implied that the able, young Ainsworth was at the wheel when it happened. His memoirs deny this.

It seems that Mr. Whitcomb had asked Ainsworth to take a lesser job than master, such as supercargo or purser, so that a man named Hanscombe, the builder of the vessel, could have the captaincy. Ainsworth refused. But one week end, while Ainsworth was at the farm of Judge S. S. White, his future father-in-law, Whitcomb and Hanscombe decided to do what the captain said was impossible. Ainsworth had told them the river was too low to take so large a boat to Oregon City. Well, they would show the young skippersnapper it could be done!

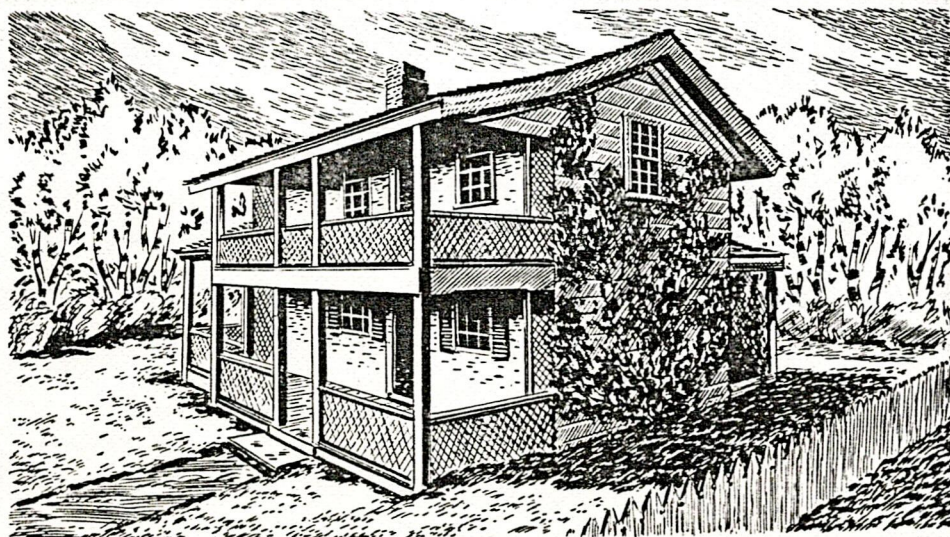
Monday morning, as Ainsworth was riding into town on horseback from the White farm, he heard a loud puffing in the Willamette near the mouth of the Clackamas. Detouring to the river bank he saw the *Lot Whitcomb* stuck on a gravel bar. He knew that the river was dropping and that the vessel would remain aground for a long time. So he rode back to the farm to await developments.

It was not long, he recalled, before Mr. Whitcomb sent for him, asking that he take over and refloat the boat.

"I won't take over again until the boat is back where I left her!" the independent young skipper declared.

And so the *Lot Whitcomb* sat on the bar for a week or two until the river rose and floated her off. Mr. Whitcomb was understandably angry with Ainsworth. He kept Hanscombe

Astoria in 1855.



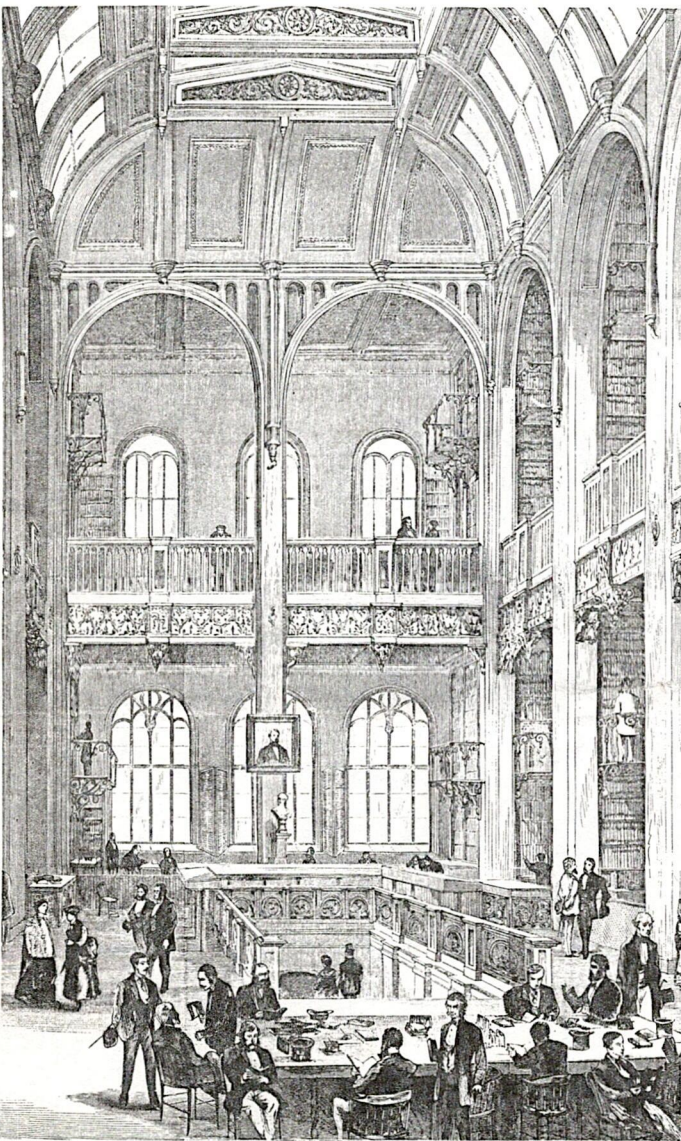
First American Post Office West of Rocky Mountains.
Established March 9, 1847, at Astoria, Oregon.

(Sketch courtesy Pacific Power & Light Company.)

48

*"The role of the National Archives . . .
should not be one of centralization or control.
The role should be one of energizing,
of sharing responsibility for programs
with state, municipal, and
private repositories."*

ability to administer public records in the computer age depends on the ability of the National Archives to adapt to the changes. It must assume a national leadership position. Old archival theories and practices must be reexamined



The Astor Library, as it appeared in 1875, housed 175,000 volumes, the largest collection of books in America. Although the interior has undergone extensive remodeling in recent years, much of the architecture seen in this view is still intact. *Harper's Weekly*, June 20, 1885 / Schell & Hogan

and adapted to present-day needs. The passive role of archivists waiting for old files of paper to be transferred by reluctant agencies must be replaced by active participation in records management. The Archivist of the United States must assume responsibility for providing the agency with aggressive, professional leadership that will give the staff the resources it needs to fulfill its mission. Congress, the White House, and executive agencies must be provided the information required to conduct the public's business in a timely manner. The American people deserve a professional, effective, and efficiently operated National Archives.

The National Archives faces complicated problems and unique opportunities. It requires leadership, ingenuity, and a long-term professional commitment to records-keeping and public service. I believe that those in leadership positions throughout our nation's archives must constantly bear in mind the needs of the next generation and beyond. Will they be able to find documentation to understand our nation's public policy, to determine government accountability, and find solutions to social and economic problems? Will there be records that preserve a basic understanding and knowledge of our society? The responsibility of the Archivist of the United States is to do everything possible to see that such records are preserved and made available for research. As the recent *Report of the Committee on Records of Government* reminds us: "Without records there is no history. Without history there is no understanding of continuity and change, no national consensus to support government, and little or no appreciation for the impact of present policy on future generations."

At no time in the history of the National Archives has there been both a greater awareness of its needs and more concerted collective support of its mission by users, constituent groups, the White House, and especially Congress. It is a time of opportunity as well as great responsibility for the Archivist. I have committed myself fully to these challenges and responsibilities. ♦

Don W. Wilson became the seventh Archivist of the United States last winter. This article is adapted from his testimony before the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Government Efficiency, Federalism, and the District of Columbia, which held hearings on his nomination.

Astors Followed Portland Visitor West

By DONALD STERLING JR.
Executive News Editor

The chain of circumstances Speaking Union. For part of the time I was a guest of The Astor family Times, then Lord Astor's paper and as part of its hospitality the past decade began in a try I was included in one of the London garden in May of 1959. Recently luncheons The Times' In the spring of that year I executives held with various went to Britain on a traveling invited guests.

It was held in what The happy consequences, did fol- low. My own most glowing memo- ry of the 1961 visit is of a scene at the dedication to the memo- rial to the Indian Chief Com- comly, under the Astoria Col- umn on the brow of Coxcomb Hill with its sweeping view of the Columbia mouth and the Coast Range. There, while the blustery, showery ocean wind ruffled the white hair on his bared head, Lord Astor stood to attention while the band played "God Save the Queen."

Sometime between the Dover sole and the trifle, I asked Lord Astor whether he had ever visited his ancestors' namesake city, Astoria.

"No, I never have," he re- plied, "and I should very much like to before I die."

I suggested that he should plan on coming in 1961, for the celebration of the 150th anni- versary of Astoria's founding, and when I returned to Port- land I repeated that suggestion in a column in The Journal.

That column came to the at- tention of Arno Denecke, then a Portland lawyer and now a justice of the Oregon Supreme Court. Denecke passed it on to his friend Wendell Wyatt, a leading Astoria lawyer who since has become U.S. repre- sentative from Oregon's 1st District. Wyatt forwarded it to the commission planning Asto- ria's sesquicentennial, and thanks to the hard work of that commission and the warm hu- man qualities of the Astor fam- ily, the visit, with all of its

He had the ramrod-rigid posture of a soldier who had served his country in World War I and who knew how many other causes, and he never served it better than in the genial, genuine friendship he developed between his fami- ly and the oldest American set- tlement west of the Mississippi River, Astoria.

Mr. Bruce R. Berney, Librarian
Astor Library
450 Tenth Street
Astoria, Oregon 97103

Dear Bruce:

I enclose an article which about my encounter with Lord Astor reproduce it in full or condense it for your pamphlet. If this version is not suitable, just let me know and I shall be glad to write a different one.

Thanks for your recommendation of the Bond book. I shall look it up.

Regards,

Donald J. Sterling Jr.

Donald J. Sterling, Jr.

DJS:m
Enclosure

One of *Mr Sterling* *is dead now.* *B* as Lord Astor asked me about *Astoria was*, "Would I see red Indians and bears?"

AAA OREGON

VTA

A 10
**ELECTION
SPECIAL**
SEE PAGE 16

MAY/JUNE 2000

Antarctica

BLACK TIE OPTIONAL

**HEY, KIDS!
30 GREAT PLACES TO
TAKE YOUR PARENTS**

**RUNNING THE ROGUE
IN THE RAFT OF LUXURY**

PLUS GEARED UP FOR CYCLE OREGON ★
ON THE WATERFRONT IN ASTORIA

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ASTORIA

GATEWAY TO THE COLUMBIA



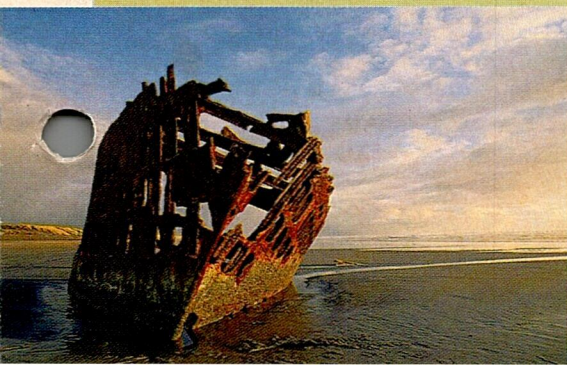
With its maritime history and postcard Victorians, this seaside town is making waves.

The tour of Astoria's Shallon Winery is pretty standard. Owner Paul Van der Velt discusses the pumps and fermenting tanks, then allows guests a peek into the laboratory where he fine-tunes the libations that bear the Shallon label. As you settle in at the tasting room's bar, though, you begin to get a sense of something not quite right. Maybe it's the large harp sitting in the middle of the winemaking equipment. Or the pinkness of the place—the color is everywhere, infusing the winery with a strange, valentiney glow. Or maybe it's the point where Van der Velt carefully pours you two glasses of his favorite creations: lemon meringue and orange chocolate wines.

Welcome to Astoria, a town that does things a little differently. Unlike its generic, sand-and-tan neighbors, Seaside and Cannon Beach, Astoria (the oldest U.S. settlement west of the Rockies) is a town with both history and color unmatched on the Oregon coast.

Perched on a gentle slope above the mouth of the Columbia River just below Washington state, Astoria radiates a *Northern Exposure*-esque charm. As you walk the shady streets, though, keep in mind that it wasn't always so peaceful.

The remains of the Peter Iredale, buried on the beach at Fort Stevens State Park.



Known as "the wettest town in the West," Astoria once rivaled San Francisco for its cornucopia of gambling dens and bordellos. In 1896, it was the state's second-

largest city and home to over 40 saloons.

Despite the best efforts of reform-minded legislators (who outlawed "whooping" within town at one point),

Astoria didn't quiet down until the entire state went dry in 1916.

Interacting with Astoria's colorful history is one of the biggest joys of visiting. Plan on coming in June when the Scandinavian Midsummer Festival turns the town upside down. This three-day party celebrates the waves of Finns, Norwegians, and Swedes who made up more than a quarter of the town's population in 1900. The weekend includes a parade, dancing, and a rollicking beer garden perfect for

downing lutefisk and letting fly with a hearty *Uff-da!*

Even if you can't make the festival, there are plenty of fun ways to get in touch with Astoria's history.

Your first opportunity will likely come when you reserve a room. Astoria's fondness for its past is reflected in the number of Victorians transformed into bed-and-breakfasts.

One of your best bets is Clementine's. Owner Judith Taylor's selection of cozy, balconied rooms is complemented by two separate family-friendly apartments (one of which spent its early life as Astoria's Moose Lodge). Those looking to get away from the crowds should head for the Astoria Inn. Located a five-minute drive from downtown, the landmark's rooms are among Astoria's most romantic. Larger and no less historic, the Rosebriar Hotel was a convent before it was turned into a B&B-style hotel. Rooms range from simple to lavish, with those on the upper end featuring river views, fireplaces, and spas.

Start your exploration of Astoria at the town's crown jewel—the Flavel House. Bar pilot George Flavel was a Donald Trump figure in Astoria's boomtown days; it was here in cupolaed splendor that he spent his retirement. The house is now a museum dedicated to Flavel.

Learn more about the town's bawdy era at the Heritage Museum (the "Virtue and Vice" exhibit is a frolicsome introduction to the town's lively past).

For a complete education on the local shipping trade and nautical exploration, head to the Columbia River

PLANNING YOUR TRIP

All phone numbers are area code (503) unless noted. Pick up both AAA's Oregon/Washington TourBook and map. Contact the **Astoria-Warrenton Area Chamber of Commerce**, 111 West Marine Dr., for additional information on area attractions. Phone 325-6311 or (800) 875-6807. Web site: www.olderregon.com.

EATING AND DRINKING

Columbian Café, 1114 Marine Dr., 325-2233.

Someplace Else, 965 Commercial St., 325-3500.

LODGING

Astoria Inn, 3391 Irving Ave., 325-8153 or (800) 718-8153. Rates: \$70-\$85.

Clementine's, 847 Exchange St., 325-2005 or (800) 521-6801. Rates: \$75-\$125.

Rosebriar Hotel, 636 14th St., 325-7427 or (800) 487-0224. Rates: \$69-\$145.

WHAT TO DO

Columbia River Maritime Museum, 1792 Maritime Dr., 325-2323.

Flavel House, 441 8th St., 325-2563.

Fort Clatsop National Memorial, 92343 Fort Clatsop Rd., 861-2471.

Fort Stevens State Park, 861-1671.

Heritage Museum, 1618 Exchange St., 325-2203.

Scandinavian Midsummer Festival, June 16-18, 325-3099.

Finn Ware sells a smorgasbord of Scandinavian goods, from imported crystal to sauna supplies. The RiverSea Gallery is the best place to view the work of painters, potters, and other local artists.

Adventurous-types should take a drive south to Fort Clatsop National Memorial. Lewis and Clark (and an entourage that included Shoshone guide Sacagawea) spent an awful winter here in 1805-6. Having arrived

at the height of the rainy season, the group hastily built a minuscule fort and hunkered down for four months of fleas and rancid elk meat. The reconstructed fort commemorates the explorers with films, exhibits, and reenactments of daily life.

To the north, there's Fort Stevens State Park. During World War II, a Japanese submarine fired at Fort Stevens, earning it the distinction of being the first

military installation in the continental United States to be fired on by a foreign power since the War of 1812. Visitors can explore the labyrinth of concrete battlements, visit the military museum, or wander around the iron skeleton of the *Peter Iredale*, a freighter that ran aground in 1906.

Make sure you're back in time for sunset. On clear evenings, locals make a migration to the 125-foot-high Astoria Column. Covered in sepia friezes depicting the settlement of the West, the landmark sits on the highest point for miles around. As the last embers of the day wink out, all eyes gaze out over the same intersection of river and sea that has drawn explorers here for almost two centuries.—Chris Baty



DAVID DANZ ILLUSTRATION

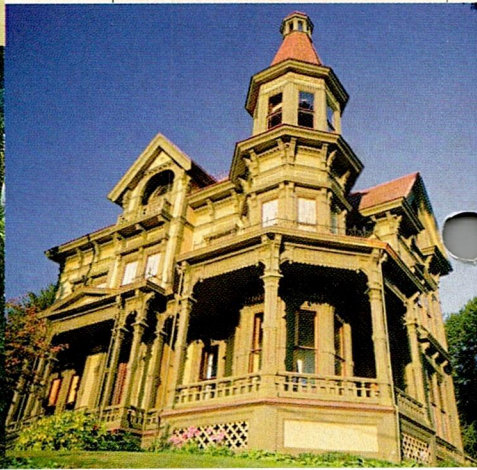
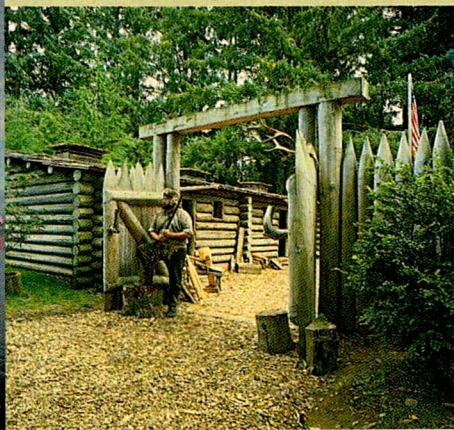
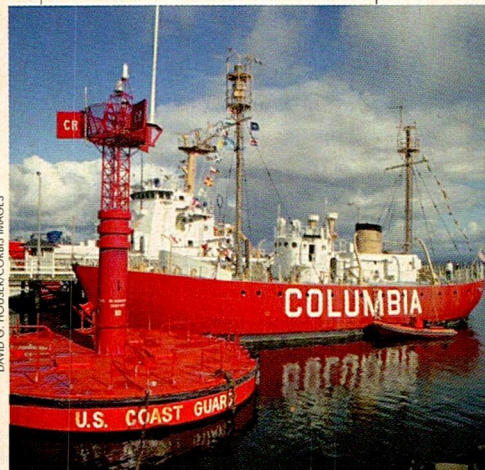
The Astoria Column chronicles the history of the West.

Maritime Museum. Along with viewing a host of exhibits, visitors may peer through a working periscope and stroll the bridge of a World War II warship.

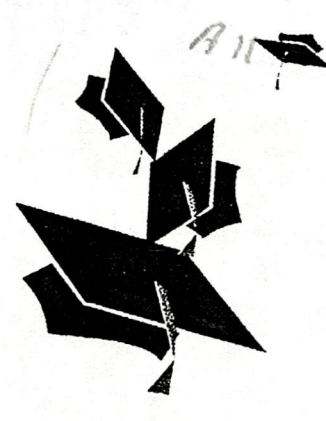
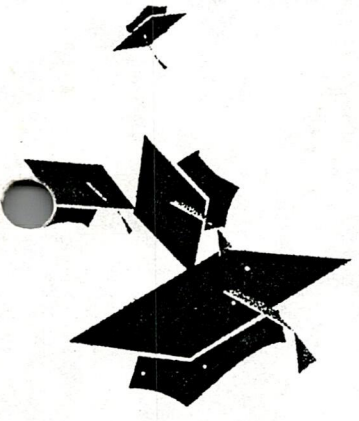
If tales of hardtack and scurvy have you hungering for some fresh grub, you're in the right place. The tiny Columbian Café is revered by foodies up and down the Oregon coast for its creative, fresh-off-the-boat dishes. Those with cast-iron stomachs should try the Too Damn Hot shrimp, while those with sensitive (read: normal) stomachs can stick to less searing dishes such as smoked salmon hash and curry broccoli crepes. At Someplace Else, another Astoria gem, owner and chef Lauren Arena takes frequent working holidays to learn cooking secrets from around the world; she complements her Italian standards with forays into French, Mexican, and Indian cuisine.

Work off your meal with some window-shopping.

The lightship Columbia at the Columbia River Maritime Museum (left); Fort Clatsop National Memorial (center); the Flavel House (right).



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CHARLES MAUTZ/CORBIS IMAGES



A H S GRAD NIGHT 2000

GAMES / CONTESTS
SPORTS
ROLLER SKATING
BODY PAINTING (TATTOOS)
\$\$\$ CASH \$\$\$
PRIZES



FOOD AND DRINKS
ROLLER SKATING
SWIMMING
RAFFLES
LIMBO w/ DJ AND MUSIC

ALL NIGHT (10:30 pm - 6:00 am)

A fun, DRUG/ALCOHOL FREE night of partying and prizes is given for all Graduates of Astoria High School. By fundraising and donations, the Grad Night Committee can provide a special occasion for our graduates to celebrate with their friends of the Class of 2000 in a safe environment.

Please help us support our Graduating Class by sponsoring an activity or making a donation.

Thanking you in advance for your consideration.

26 April 84

Gayle Abernathy
2810 Calhoun St.
Alameda CA 94501

Dear Mrs. Abernathy:

When you were here a year or two ago, I promised to let you know of examples of stenciling if I ever found out about them. I am now aware of two.

One was uncovered by the owners of the Rosebriar Inn when they scraped off the wallpaper above the wainscote in the stairway. It is a yellow or gold key design bordering the plain field of reddish brown plaster (if I remember right). It is very simple, but yet seems like an exciting find.

The other is in the jail portion of the old city hall which is being leased from a private corporation by the Clatsop County Historical Society. The building was built in 1905, and the stencil is a simple brownish circle about the size of a silver dollar which goes all the way around the room just above eye level. Between the circles are other geometric designs.

When I have seen these two designs, I wasn't actually thinking to describe them to you, so my memory of them leaves much to be desired. I am sure the ladies named in the Rosebriar Inn brochure would be glad to send you a tracing and description. For the old jail, write to Mr. Stephen Recken, Curator, Clatsop County Historical Society, 1618 Exchange, Astoria, OR 97103.

Sincerely,

Bruce Berney

Bruce Berney
Library Director

P.S. If you can send any business to the Rosebriar Inn, it might do much to keep them open. Not being on the highway, it is hard for casual travelers to learn about them, but it is a delightful bed & breakfast.

Stencils

Jazzing up the seashore

By MARY McKERNAN

NORTH OREGON COAST

ASURE WAY to jazz up a fall vacation is to come here Oct. 11 to 13 when the third annual Dixie Land Jubilee goes into full swing. Thirteen headline jazz bands from British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California and Arizona will be rotating performances between the historic city of Astoria and the resort towns of Seaside and Gearhart.

This is a great opportunity to combine the diversions offered along Oregon's lovely coast with some toe-tapping jam sessions.

The jubilee, held as a fundraiser for the Clatsop County Historical Society, was inspired by the Sacramento Jubilee which has been held every year since 1974. Both events are chaired by Bill Borchert, star trumpet player, leader of the Oregon Jazz Band, and organizer of similar festivals in Denver, Memphis, Helena and Orlando.

A three-day ticket to the concerts on the coastline costs \$30 (students, \$7.50), but there's also a Friday night or Saturday night special for \$12; an all-day Saturday rate of \$16; and a Sunday admission of \$7.50 (all prices in U.S. dollars). Shuttle buses will run regularly between towns, and bands will feature both Chicago and New Orleans styles ranging in form from bebop to blues, swing to spirituals.

While this section of Oregon may seem an alien setting for tunes more at home on the shores of the Mississippi, the steady, rolling beat that is the hallmark of jazz seems to become even more compelling when accented by the constant crashing of the Pacific surf.

There are other advantages to visiting an area discovered about the same time the thumping rhythms of slave drums were heralding the birth of the blues in Congo Square, New Orleans.

In 1811, fur traders commissioned by John Jacob Astor settled in Astoria just six years after the arrival of the Lewis and Clark expedition, and 19 years after Capt. Robert Gray, aboard his ship the Columbia, sailed into the mighty river which he named in honor of his vessel.

Astoria's unique attraction is an extraordinary collection of century-old

Astorian historian, Vera Gault, has written an informative Walking Tour booklet that not only guides the way to 71 of the residences along Franklin and Grand Avenues, but also discusses the chain of owners. The booklet is available for \$1.50 at the stately Flavel Mansion, an architectural marvel, which now serves as the Clatsop Historical Museum, one of the beneficiaries of the Jazz Jubilee.

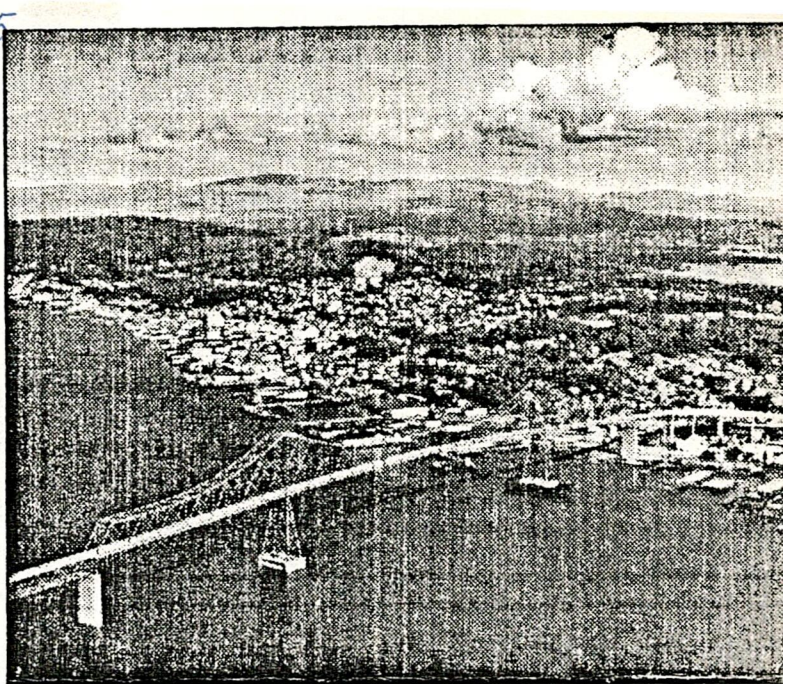
Both this museum and the Columbia River Maritime Museum — which is the keeper of a restored lightship, the conning tower of a submarine, the reconstructed bridge of a Navy destroyer, and other marine artifacts — are open to the public at specified hours for just a donation or a small admission charge.

A trip up Coxcomb Hill reveals the grandeur of the Columbia River spanned by a four-mile bridge which crosses into Washington State. But the main attraction is the Astoria Column with its frieze work chronicling local historical events. Anyone who wishes to climb the 166 stairs leading to the top of the 125-foot tower will be rewarded by a spellbinding view of the countryside.

FORT Stevens, about 10 miles west of Astoria, was built in 1864 to guard against possible invasion by Confederate gunboats. That never happened, but in 1941 a Japanese submarine fired several five-inch shells at the post. The area is now Oregon's largest state park and, on the beach just west of the campgrounds, is the wreck of the Peter Iredale, a British ship that went aground in 1906.

Down the coast, about a mile south of Highway 101, and just east of Warrenton, is Fort Clatsop, now a National Memorial. This is where the members of the Lewis and Clark expedition, and the renowned Indian guide, Sacajawea, wintered in 1805-06. A full-scale model of the fort has been built on the site and costumed staff portray life as it was then.

For more information about hotel and motel accommodations and the Dixieland Jubilee, call 503-325-6311, or contact the Clatsop Historical Society, 1618 Exchange St., Astoria, Ore. 97103, telephone 503-325-2563.



ASTORIA BRIDGE: vital link

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